THE INDEX.

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FAME.

"I don't wish to discourage you, but lately
I've been filled
With certain strong misgivings, son, that
somehow won't be stilled;
There's something tells me, plain as words,
that you, with all your wit,
Have erred in marking out your course, and
you'll repent of it.

"The time will come when you will sigh: 'Had
I but only known
What I do now, the good, old farm, with all its
hills and stone,
Would not have driven me away to find, when
hope is dead,
That Fame does not bestow her wreath on any
sort of head.'

"I'm talking plainly, that I know, but,
Reuben, mind you this:
That Fame's a far-off target that a million
marksmen miss;
Then, some fine day a shot is heard that rings
throughout the land,
And Genius pops the bull's eye, square, with
steady eye and hand.

"You may turn out a genius, Rube; I really
hope you will;
You know Fame's temple crowns the top of
an enormous hill,
And tens of thousands bound that way, with
resolution stiff,
Have found their way completely blocked by
a stupendous 'if.'

"Now, Reuben, when you reach that 'if' you'll
show good judgment, son,
By striking 'cross lots for the farm and home
here on a run;
Stay here and toil as I have done, and you may
get to be
A Deacon in the church, perhaps, or, may be,
a School Trustee.

"'All that be blowed!' Well, go your way,
you'll have my earnest prayers;
We'll always keep in order, son, your cozy
room up-stairs,
For you may yet return, convinced that
wreaths of Fame are rare,
And that your old straw hat best suits the
color of your hair."

—*Rural New Yorker.*

A HEART'S PROBLEM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," "In Honor Bound," "For the King," "Queen of the Meadow," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A POOR YOUNG MAN.

The small hours of the night in early spring are apt to be chilly to those ill-clad ones who are obliged to tramp from the center of London to some suburban retreat. So Maurice Esmond discovered when he was making his way across Blackfriars Bridge southward. A keen east wind penetrated his closely-buttoned coat, and he scarcely paused to glance at the long line of golden shafts made by the reflection of the lamps in the river. Although he had an eye for picturesque effects, he was evidently in too great a hurry at present to study them. As he marched on, the number of passengers whom he encountered rapidly diminished, and by the time he reached Camberwell Green the streets were almost deserted. There were, however, a number of cabmen, a few young men who had been out on pleasure, and others who were out from necessity, gathered around a coffee-stall. A cheery-faced old man, wearing an indescribable skull-cap, stood behind the counter dispensing cups of coffee, the heat of which amply compensated for any deficiency of flavor; and for the hungry there were huge sandwiches and hunches of currant cake.

The group was a merry one, and Esmond heard several loud bursts of laughter as he approached. It was a good-natured group, too, and way was readily made for him as he advanced and asked for a cup of coffee. He drank it in silence, but was quietly observing his companions and listening all the time with some interest to their conversation, which was interspersed with anecdotes chiefly of a professional character, and as a rule much less coarse than might have been expected.

He laid down his cup and continued his way refreshed. Presently he turned into a narrow street which belonged to the older part of the parish. On either side were small shops—greengrocers, shoemakers, rag and bone merchants—and rising in their midst at short intervals the more commanding premises of the gin-palace and the beer-house.

At the side door of one of the little shops he stopped, and opened it quietly with a latch-key. The sign-board bore in large yellow letters the legend, "Dan O'Bryan, Tailor."

Edmond was not surprised to observe that there was still a light in the back shop, for Mr. O'Bryan having, like most of his countrymen, a passion for politics, was frequently found at late hours seated on his tailor's platform, stitching some garment busily, and at the same time arranging the affairs of the Nation in long harangues addressed to his son, who was his only workman, or to his wife, or in the absence of both, to the walls, which in his imagination represented spell-bound multitudes of listeners.

"Busy still, Mr. O'Bryan?" said Esmond, as he looked in at the workshop door.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Esmond," cried the old man, cheerily. "I'm delighted to see you before I go to bed. Sit down and tell us what has been done in the House. I suppose you heard the debate?"

"I was not in the House at all to-night; but I understand there was nothing particular done."

"But something particular will have to be done, and that soon, too; for although I haven't been in my country for many a year now—more's the pity—I know that the boys mean to have their own way this time."

"We *will* have our way," exclaimed the voice of the son, who had been sitting so quietly by the stove that Esmond had not at first observed him.

He was a very red-headed young man, with a good-natured face, on which he was continually endeavoring to display an expression of that melancholy which comes of too much brooding. In this he was not successful; nature claimed him for a "low comedy part" in life, although, like many eminent actors, he was thoroughly convinced that tragedy was his forte. Even his name was against him; he had been christened Edward, but every one except himself seemed to have forgotten that fact, and he was known only as Teddy, and sometimes as Teddy O'Bryan. He could not help feeling, in the midst of some of his dreams of the future, that there was something ludicrous in the picture of a leader of patriots being hailed as "Teddy, my boy."

Esmond was accustomed to the eloquence of father and son, and foresaw that they were fully primed for hours of discussion. He, therefore, made his escape as speedily as possible, and ascended to the little front parlor which served him as sitting-room and bed-room.

"He's a queer boy, that," said O'Bryan.

"I don't like him," muttered Teddy, gloomily.

"Not like him!" said the father, looking up; "what ails you at him? He is as dacent a boy as I ever came across; and when I said he was queer, I only meant that he bothers me by being so quiet, and never saying a word about where he came from."

Teddy spat on the goose to test its heat, then polished it vigorously, and began to iron the collar of a coat.

"I don't like him, and it's because he's so quiet. You'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, but I'm certain he's got some wicked purpose under his sleek ways. How do we know but he's a—"

Teddy paused, as if the thought were too terrible to utter, but he looked—or rather, tried to look—full of direful forebodings. His father rewarded him first with a loud guffaw, and then:

"A spy, you'd say! I am thinking, Teddy, you're grown a bigger fool than you were born. I'll go bail for him, and I dare any man to say that I'm not true to the Cause."

"You might get yourself into trouble, then; for, as wise as you are, anybody can see that he is not one of us; anybody can see that he is not used to being poor; and the mother knows that he isn't over-regular in paying his rent. She is as bad as yourself in regard to him, and says nothing."

"But he always has paid some time or other and handsome, too; so now hold your tongue and finish that coat."

Teddy proceeded with his work, mentally repeating: "I don t like him."

He had, however, a reason for his dislike which he had not yet explained to his parents: and that reason took the form of his foster-sister Lucy. This girl had been Teddy's playmate and schoolmate, his companion as they advanced in years, and he had quite settled in his own mind that she was to be his companion through life. Never a doubt of the realization of this plan had crossed his mind until Esmond had come to lodge in the first-floor front. He had only seen Lucy and the new lodger exchange a few commonplaces as they passed each other on the staircase or met on Sundays at the simple family dinner—well spiced with thorough-going Home-Rule politics—which Esmond was invited to share; but the bosom of Teddy the Patriot was ablaze with jealousy.

There was certainly something a little mysterious in the ways of Mr. Esmond. The tailor's shop window had for some time contained, among its usual indications of the business being carried on within—buttons, patterns of cloth, colored plates of the latest fashions, etc.—a card with the curt announcement, "Furnished Apartments." Esmond entered the shop, introduced himself to O'Bryan as having some connection with the press, and that fact rendered references unnecessary to the tailor-politician. The next day Esmond was established in his room. His luggage consisted of a portmanteau and a box of books, the latter being disproportionately heavy in comparison with the weight of the former. As it was a cold day in the beginning of January, Mrs. O'Bryan had a blazing fire in the room, which combined with the smile on her round good-natured face to give him a hearty welcome. Esmond liked his landlady, and Mrs. O'Bryan's first announcement to her husband was to this effect:

"It's a fine young man he is, Dan; as quiet as a mouse, and as easy to deal with as a child."

The kindly feelings which the good woman entertained for her lodger from the first day of his arrival soon made him feel perfectly at home; and before the end of a month he seemed to have know Mr. and Mrs. O'Bryan for years rather than weeks. His life was a lonely one, and the Sunday afternoons spent with the tailor's family formed very agreeable episodes in it. Although Teddy had early taken a dislike to him—or thought he had done so—he only showed it by keeping a little apart from him, and only speaking when he had an opportunity to flatly contradict any assertion made by him.

In the fourth member of the family he soon became interested, and the acquaintanceship promised to ripen into friendship. Lucy was a hard working girl: she was a dressmaker, and from Daddy—as she called O'Bryan—she had learned enough of tailoring to be of practical service to him whenever he was pressed by work. She was fond of reading, too, and this soon became known to Esmond.

There was a flush of pleasure on her face and such a bright look in her eyes when one day he placed a small parcel of new books on the table before her, that she appeared more beautiful in his eyes than she had ever done before. For the first time he became conscious of a degree of awkwardness in her presence; and that to a wise man, who did not want to fall in love, should have been a sufficiently apparent danger-signal.

"I thought you would like to see these, Miss Smith. I think there are one or two among them you will be pleased with."

"I am sure I shall like them all," she said gleefully, and beginning at once to examine the title-pages. "Thank you, Mr. Esmond." He had never before thought that there was so much music in those two words; "Thank you."

"There'll be fine goings on now," exclaimed Mrs. O'Bryan; "ye'll have her sitting up all night reading them books, an' going about like a ghost all day; an' may be sewing the wrong sleeves into somebody's gownd, as she did once when she got hould of something they called 'Penny-Dennis.' Ye'll spoil her entirely, Mr. Esmond."

"I hope not," he answered, laughing at the distortion of the title of one of the works of his favorite author.

From that time Lucy was well supplied with books, and they afforded ample subjects of conversation. Books are mediums, and even dull ones may serve as tokens of tender thought. Esmond was soon conscious that Lucy had obtained an influence over him stronger than any woman had yet exercised. He was at first startled by this discovery; then, not having reached the noon of love, in the white glare of which the eyes and senses are blind and callous to everything save its own transcending brightness, he called a halt. He had no business to fall in love in his present position; hence he had no alternative but to leave the place. That was the plainest and shortest way out of the difficulty. He should go.

CHAPTER II.

CALLED BACK.

"Come in," said Esmond, in answer to a knock at his door.

Lucy entered, with a letter in one hand and a book in the other, and he rose from the table. The day was a foggy one, and it seemed to be twilight in his little room.

"I have brought you these, sir, and I hope I have not kept the book too long."

"You have not kept it long enough," he said, smiling, as he took the letter. "I intended you to keep that book altogether, knowing that it was a favorite of yours. Will you do so?"

She seemed to hesitate; and then, quietly: "I shall be very pleased to have it, Mr. Esmond." The answer was the natural one which a lady might have given to a friend in accepting any small gift."

"I am glad of that," he said, impulsively; and then checking himself, remembering his good resolutions, he began awkwardly to tap the fingers of his left hand with the letter which he had just received. "I am glad because—because I shall probably be going away soon."

"Going away! we shall all be sorry to miss you."

The phrase was commonplace enough, and there was no particular accent on any of the words, and yet there was a something in her tone and look which made him half regret his hasty announcement.

"I do not mean exactly that I am going to stay away: indeed, it is probable that I shall be back in a few weeks."

"Oh, that is quite different," she exclaimed, with a bright look as if relieved.

Then he, with a laugh which did not conceal the earnestness underlying it:

"Would Mrs. O'Bryan be very sorry if I never came back?"

"I am sure of it."

"And my friend O'Bryan—and Teddy—and you?"

"Yes, we should all be sorry," was the response, with a little reserve this time, and a slight tinge of color in her cheeks.

"And I should be sorry to go, for you have made me feel as if I were one of the family. I could not easily find such a comfortable home and such good friends. Sometimes I think I should like to stay here always. How would you like that?"

"It would be very pleasant—we should all like it." The latter part of the phrase qualified the warmth of the first.

That letter which Esmond had received was becoming somewhat crumpled by being continually bent and even twisted between his fingers.

"You would only find it pleasant in the same way as the others. Is that all?"

She seemed a little confused by this question, and he made a blundering effort to relieve her.

"I mean that I should like you to say that you would miss our pleasant gossips about books."

"I should, indeed." She was interrupted by Mrs. O'Bryan calling from the foot of the staircase:

"Lucy, here's some one for that gownd."

Esmond did not know whether to bless or curse the interruption when he saw Lucy go away, her cheeks crimson as if with the consciousness that she had been about to say more than she wished to say at that moment.

They were skating on very thin ice, and this conversation had made them both aware of it.

He stood looking at the door for an instant, as if he still saw her there. Then he turned to the window and looked out upon the fog, but the expression of dissatisfaction on his face was not caused by the weather. Presently he became conscious that he had not read the letter which Lucy had brought to him. Recognizing the handwriting of the only friend who knew his address in Camberwell, he hastily opened the envelope.

FIG-TREE COURT, TEMPLE, Thursday.

"MY DEAR CALTHORPE: The inclosed is, I suppose, from your governor, and I hasten to forward it. Hope he is going to make it up with you and set you on your feet again. Meanwhile, what has become of you, and when are you going to explain to me the meaning of this masquerading under another name? Look me up as soon as you can. Very busy.

Yours, H. ARKWOOD."

The letter which was inclosed in this abrupt missive was addressed to Maurice E. Calthorpe, Esq., at the chambers of his friend in the Temple. It was from his father, and Maurice laid it on the table unopened, but his hand trembled a little as he did so, for it had recalled many bitter memories. There had been a quarrel between the father and son, and, as in most quarrels, there had been serious faults on both sides. Maurice had been called to the bar, and while waiting for briefs, which came too much like angels' visits, he had been entirely dependent on his father. The allowance was not a large one, but Maurice was not extravagant in his habits, and he was able to maintain his position without any financial anxieties on his own account. He certainly did not inherit this frugal spirit from his father, who had been known in his early days as one of the most extravagant young men about town. The estate was soon mortgaged at heavy interest, but, although only a part of it was entailed, Calthorpe would not sell the land.

Maurice, an only child, had been brought up in the expectation of inheriting a considerable income. One morning he was suddenly told by his father that there was pressing need for a large sum of money, and that it could only be raised by breaking the entail. To this proceeding the son positively refused to assent. Hence the quarrel and the separation.

Maurice forfeited his allowance, reduced his expenses to a minimum, and with a stout heart began the up-hill struggle for fortune and position. Although he had not yet inspired many solicitors with sufficient faith in his forensic powers to induce them to overload him with briefs, he had gained some reputation as a writer on legal subjects. He had also contributed anonymously to the magazines miscellaneous sketches, essays and verses, and to his pen he looked for the means to support himself while he waited for briefs; but he soon found that the productions which had provided an acceptable adjunct to his income proved a precarious mainstay. In spite of all his economy, debts accumulated; and he soon became aware that they would go on accumulating if he did not make some radical change in his mode of life. His debtors became importunate, and only refrained from extreme proceeding because they knew that he would ultimately be able to pay everything with interest. He became morbid by too frequently brooding over his present circumstances, and comparing them with the position which he ought to have occupied had his father's affairs been managed with ordinary discretion. He did not complain of the change in his affairs, however, and he tried not to think unkindly of his father; but while he continued to move among the friends and acquaintances of his palmy days, he was constantly reminded of what might have been.

So one day he disappeared into the unknown regions of Camberwell, and there assuming his second baptismal name of Esmond (Thackeray's novel had always been one of his favorite books), he determined to work out his own way in life.

There had been no correspondence between him and his father since the day of his leaving Calthorpe, but he had learned indirectly that the old gentleman was living a much more retired life than he had hitherto done. Maurice had been always expecting to be again pressed to break the entail, and he sometimes wavered in his determination to persist in his refusal when he thought of the old man's solitude and comparative privation. Now came this letter, and he hesitated to open it. At length he broke the seal. The letter was written on the old-fashioned quarto page; the penmanship was small and angular, with many flourishes; and the lines were as close together as if postage had still been a consideration.

CALTHORPE, April 15.

"MY DEAR MAURICE: Although we parted in a somewhat unpleasant manner, I still hoped that as soon as you had had time to cool, your better judgment would see the necessity and reasonableness of complying with my request, and that you would see it to be your duty to give me some indication that you regretted the haste of your conduct. That there was some temper on my side, too, I should be the last person in the world to deny; but the positions are different. Apart from our close relationship (which in itself should entitle me to some consideration on your part), I am your senior in years and in experience of the world, and what petty ebullition of rage I gave way to should be attributed to the natural impatience which any man of finely strung temperament would feel when so delicately and obstinately opposed in the execution of what he believed to be his duty by the very person he most desired to benefit.

"Therefore I waited, expecting such a letter as your own good sense and filial sentiments might dictate. I need not say that no such letter has reached me; and it would be superfluous to add that I have been grieved very much grieved—by your silence. I hope still to receive from you some expression of regret. But let that pass.

"Do not be afraid, my dear Maurice, that this is a prelude to the repetition of my request that you should assist me out of a difficulty. No; thank Heaven! on this occasion, as on former occasions when brought face to face with stern necessity, I have found strength to meet it single-handed and to overcome it. You will be gratified to learn that I have succeeded in arranging everything satisfactorily."

At this point there were several lines blotted out, and then in less distinct characters came the words, "for the present." The letter continued:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Western Mother's Plan.

An English gentleman, who passed many months hunting among the Rocky Mountains, says his first genuine impression of the West came while he was riding over an arid plain and from a squealing baby. It revealed to him the ingenuity with which a Western woman adapts herself to circumstances and makes the most of her limited resources. "There was nothing," to say, "very peculiar about the appearance of this baby that I saw just ahead of me. It was not overburdened with garments, and was strapped, in Indian fashion, to a board about two feet long and one foot broad.

"The board and the baby were leaning against the log wall of frontier shanty on its shady side. There was nobody near. The baby seemed very happy. Its little arms were free and kept up constant movement.

"As my horse came nearer I saw that some strings were dangling about the baby's neck, and that one was tied to the big toe of one of its rosy little feet.

"I was puzzled. Dismounting, I had the curiosity to examine the tape arrangement. The child was sucking at a bit of raw pork, about the size of a large walnut. This was tied to one end of the string, while the other end was fastened to the child's foot. A second piece of twine, knotted to the board over its head, prevented the pork from falling to the ground, should the child drop it.

"Suddenly the baby grew very red in the face. Then its eyes filled with tears, and its little arms beat the air with frantic energy. At that moment the mother made her appearance.

"That baby is choking, madam," I cried.

"No he ain't, and he cant't," she replied, tersely.

"At this instant the infantile legs began to work. One kick, two kicks, and there on the bib lay the piece of pork, jerked from the baby's throat by the string tied to the big toe."

"Ain't you ever seen this afore, mister?" asked the mother, observing the Englishman's surprised looks.

"N—o—o," he answered, slowly.

"Then kind o' remembrance it. Mayhaps yer wife won't go back on it."

"Several years have passed since that day. I have seen that baby in a hundred different guises. From sheer habit it has become with me a sort of standard wherewith to gauge novel instances of the three qualities of Western men—and women—self-help, self-confidence and adaptability."

—Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga, Tenn., famous in war history, has a prospect of becoming known as a great peach orchard. Thirty thousand of these fruit trees are now growing on it. Its lands have increased ten-fold in value in the last few years.

—"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

Simon Cameron's Prediction.

Our Washington special recently contained a dish of interesting gossip in regard to a political programme said to have been evolved from the fertile brain of that lively octogenarian, Simon Cameron. This programme sends Secretary Lincoln to England as the successor of Lowell, makes Hartranft the successor of Lincoln in the War Office, retires Bradley from the Supreme bench for the benefit of Brewster, and puts "a Western Republican," whoever that may be, in Brewster's shoes. The object of these changes is, according to "an intimate friend" of the venerable Simon, "to prepare the way for the nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency in 1884." While it is hardly necessary to attach much, if any, credit to the aforesaid gossip, the candidacy of Lincoln—as the situation now stands—is quite within the range of possibilities, and even of probabilities. When his appointment to a seat in Garfield's Cabinet was first rumored the *Republican* pointed out his availability, and intimated that if the feud between Stalwarts and anti-Stalwarts continued until 1884, and Lincoln maintained "a wise and masterly inactivity" meanwhile, the Republican National Convention might agree to disagree with him as a compromise nominee. His chances are better now than they were then, for the two factions are further apart now than two years ago, and the prospect of thorough reconciliation and reunion within the next two years is exceedingly small, while as Secretary of War he has committed no very bad blunders, and what is of more importance to him, has taken no part in the family fight. Let us briefly examine what may be called his "stock in trade." First, and by long odds foremost, he is the son of his father; and his father has the highest seat in the Republican pantheon. This, of course, gives him a claim upon Republican sympathies and support which can not consistently be repudiated. The fact that he is immeasurably the inferior of his father, except in the education derived from books, counts for nothing in the case. Then as Garfield's Cabinet officer—the only one left—he has a rather shadowy claim upon the friends of the late President, while his share in "whooping up" the third term business and his retention by Arthur entitles him to a warm place in the Stalwart heart. Finally, he is a negative character, with no record worth mentioning and a fine talent for concealing his deficiences by keeping his mouth shut.

One or two Republican papers of some prominence are, we observe, naming Lincoln in connection with the Vice Presidential nomination: but he is, we think, much too shrewd to sell his ticket in the political lottery for that price—notwithstanding what Guiteau has done to enhance the value of the tail of the kite. He sees that a combination of circumstances may assign him the first place, and is therefore likely to decline the second with thanks—unless convinced by events as yet undeveloped that it is "half a loaf or no bread." Two years ago we thought and said that Lincoln's prospects were brightened by Logan's well known and active friendship for him, but now Logan himself is bitten by the Presidential tarantula and is dancing merrily to that same old tune. Hence he is not so much for Lincoln as he was, and will not hesitate to put a spider in his protege's political dumpling if by so doing he can help himself. Still, if Logan finds the coveted prize beyond his reach—and from present appearances his legs are very much to short—he will "boost" Lincoln rather than anybody else, and his boosting would be by no means ineffective in a close race. Altogether Lincoln has more than an average chance for the nomination if he behaves with discretion until the convention meets, and the Republican quarrel then remains unsettled. If old Cameron has concocted the plan attributed to him, it is evident he thinks the wind may blow from the same quarter in 1884 it did in 1860, and is trimming his weather-beaten sails to catch it. He was paid for his work in 1860 by the Secretaryship of War, which he utilized in such a way as to necessitate his dismissal after very brief term of service. Such deep interest in the son indicates that the ancient "boss" of Pennsylvania has forgiven the father the "grand bounce" so justly administered twenty-one years ago.—*St. Louis Republican.*

An Enlightened Public Opinion.

The recent elections show an enlightened and virtuous public opinion, which is the safety of our free institutions. The River and Harbor bill swindle, the shameless assessments to raise money to corrupt the elections, the base prostitution of the powers of the Government to partisan purposes, the countenance and aid given to repudiation of State indebtedness, and even to final and conclusive awards and judgments of international tribunals, destructive of all confidence in the public faith, the bribery and corruption of the trial by jury by the Department of Justice itself; in short, the general demoralization and extravagance in the administration of the General Government alarmed and roused the people, and they have rebuked the rankling corruption of partyism in high places. Intelligence and public virtue among the people constitute the only safe reliance for the public welfare and liberties of the country.

Our political system, truly said to be the fairest fabric of civil government that ever rose to animate the hopes of civilized man, is yet liable to be corrupted and destroyed by the wranglings and commotions of partisan leaders. The history of popular government in other ages and countries has shown the dangers arising from the partisan struggles and devices of ambition and cupidity. Forewarned by the examples in other countries, our people will be found forearmed against the dangers which beset their Republic.—*American Register.*

—B. D. Godfrey, of Newtonville, Mass., signalized the New Year by purchasing and sending to a list of twelve gentlemen as many handsome pocket Bibles, with the name of each in gilt on the book, and with each he has sent an explanatory letter and appropriate verses for their especial study. The list of recipients of these favors is as follows: General B. F. Butler, Jay Gould, W. H. Vanderbilt, Senator Hoar, H. B. Claflin, Governor Long, Mayor Palmer, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver Ames, John M. Forbes, George W. Johnson and Aaron Claflin.—*Boston Journal.*

Republicans and the Spoils.

Many Republican Civil-Service reformers who are Republicans first and Civil-Service reformers afterwards have tried to persuade themselves and other people that if President Garfield had lived a fatal blow would somehow have been struck at the spoils system. In point of fact, there never was a President who took office, not even excepting Mr. Rutherford Hayes who was not elected President, who was more completely incapacitated than Garfield from attacking the spoils system or reforming anything. Hayes paid the people who helped thimblerig him into the possession of an office to which he was not chosen by giving them offices. But Garfield would have had to do and did do precisely the same thing by the people who gave time or money to elect him. It is as much an axiom in economic "politics" as in political economy that a man can only pay with what he has. And Garfield had only the appointing power and the pardoning power with which to pay his political debts. Garfield's letter to "dear Hubbell" about Brady was as distinct a pledge as the nature of the case admitted, that if Brady subscribed liberally of money which it was at the time strongly suspected that Brady had stolen from the Treasury, Garfield would see that he was not molested on account of the stealing. And the whole tenor of Garfield's correspondence with Dorsey, who was similarly under suspicion, shows, now that the *World* has brought it into the daylight, how perfectly preposterous would have been the subsequent appearance of Garfield as the prosecutor of Dorsey or as a director of the prosecution. Garfield in fact gave certificates of honesty to Dorsey and Brady before he was inaugurated in return for their contributions to his election. Paint an inch thick and you will not cover this fact. Throughout the whole correspondence this notion of the relation of the victors to the spoils is always assumed as a fact not to be questioned, except by the persons whom Garfield describes as "our independent allies," and whom he did not wish to alienate by coming on openly to New York to arrange the trading of the reversion of public offices for money to be used in his canvass. Mr. L. P. Morton appears as one of the chief contributors to the Garfield canvass. He was entitled under the spoils system to a reward, and he got it. Mr. Morton has made a very good Minister to France, though Blaine, whom he helped in his "distress," did turn upon and try to snub him. But the readers of the Garfield correspondence will be inclined to believe that Mr. Morton paid more for the French mission than the French mission was worth. Still, if Mr. Morton was willing to pay a fancy price for the French mission, he had, under the spoils system, as good a right to it as to any other piece of bric-a-brac to which he had taken a fancy and for which he could afford to pay a fancy price. Only it must not be pretended that a President who dealt in blank pardons and foreign missions for money advanced to elect him was engaged in a "crusade" against the spoils system, or that if he had lived he would have done anything whatever except to utter generalities in behalf of Civil-service Reform.—*N. Y. World.*

Retribution.

The very highest authority assures us that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"—and the Republican party is just now in a condition to appreciate the eternal applicability and fitness of this inexorable truth. Its crushing defeat in New York is attributed to "Federal interference and dictation." The Administration, we are told, neglected its own proper business and went out of the domain of National duties to manage the local politics of a State. It imposed on the people of New York candidates not of their own choice, in spite of their vehement protests, and there was nothing left for the party but to resent this dictation by defeating the Administration's ticket.

This is not the true explanation of the New York defeat; a sufficient proof that it is not is that it leaves the similar defeats in eight other States unaccounted for. Still, as the Republicans themselves affect to find in Federal interference the cause of the New York catastrophe, let us admit it. But did not the Administration come honestly by its habit of interference? Is it not an essential and inseparable part of Republicanism? Historians tell us that the Roman pro-consuls and generals learned and practiced in the provinces, with the hearty approval of the senate, the lawless tactics which they afterwards brought to the capital and employed with such effectiveness against the senate and its patrician supporters. Do not Republicans recognize the fitness of the retribution, and the signal exhibition of the law of it in their own case? Federal interference and dictation in State affairs is no new thing. It was practiced in the Southern States with brutal disregard of the wishes of the people all through the Grant Administration. And it did not limit itself to nominating tickets; it elected them, and installed them by force. It made and unmade Legislatures, Governors and Governments—all with the shouting approval of the whole Republican press and party of the North. It is not strange that a practice so well learned, so heartily indorsed and so effectively used in one section of the Union, should invade the other section; for what a party sows that will it reap. The harvest of disasters gathered by the Republicans in New York was, themselves being witnesses, the product of the seed sowed in the South from 1869 to 1876. It was the Grant Republican Administration that set the example of Federal interference and dictation which the Arthur Republican Administration imitated. The dictation in New York was the legitimate progeny of dictation in Georgia and Louisiana—the only difference being that the authors in one case are the victims in the other.—*Exchange.*

—Two Brooklyn engineers got to arguing about the force of steam and carried it so far that one had his nose broken and the other was stabbed in the side. They might better have waited for a boiler explosion.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Desiring money to complete a spree already begun, a watchmaker in Springfield, Mass., pawned all the watches he had in hand to repair.